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Tombs of the Sovereigns of England.



TOMB OF HENRY V.

This altar-tomb stands in an arched recess of the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey. The figure of the King, now much mutilated, and headless, is of oak, and was originally covered with engraved plates of gilt brass. The head itself was of massive silver, and, as appears from *Hoves's Chronicle*, was stolen about the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII., and not in the time of Cromwell, as generally stated. The King is represented wearing the royal crown, and bearing the sceptre and mundus. The

date of the print whence this Cut has been copied, is 1735.

King Henry the Fifth, called after his birthplace, of Monmouth, was born in 1388, and succeeded his father, Henry IV., on the 21st of March, 1413. His youth was dissipated and unpromising; but his conduct when he ascended the throne more than justified the expectations of his people. Ambitious of military renown, his reign, though brief, glitters with conquests. His wars with France were not dictated by solid policy; for

they inflicted great misery on the conquered, and entailed in the sequel much misfortune upon the victor's own country. At Agincourt, fought on the 25th of October, 1415, Henry proved himself a master in the strategies of war. His successful snare for the French constable, by which he was compelled to crowd his troops so close together that they could hardly use their arms, was the chief cause of all the disasters that followed. Henry employed various arts to supply his defect of numbers. He placed 200 of his best archers in ambush, in a low meadow, on the flank of the first line of the French: his own first line consisted wholly of archers, four in file, each of whom, besides his bow and arrows, had a battle-axe, a sword, and a stake pointed with iron at both ends, which he fixed before him in the ground, the point inclining outwards, to protect him from cavalry. This was a new invention, and had a successful effect. The lines being formed, the King, in shining armour, with a crown of gold, glistening with gems, on his helmet, mounted a fine white horse, rode along them, and addressed each corps with a cheerful countenance and animating speeches. This must have been indeed a scene worthy of the sunset—the declining day—of chivalry. To inflame the resentment of his troops against their enemies, he told them that the French had determined to cut off three fingers of the right hand of every prisoner; and to rouse their love of honour, he declared, that every soldier in his army who behaved well should from thenceforth be deemed a gentleman, and entitled to bear coat armour. Then the enthusiasm of the English, kneeling down and kissing the ground, and starting up to discharge their flight of arrows, denoted that they accepted the compact with their chivalrous sovereign, and was a fit commencement for such a fight; whilst the personal valour of Henry in resisting the ferocious assaults of the Duke d'Alençon, and bringing his antagonist to the ground, was a fitting close to this memorable conflict.

Henry rested but two years in peace, when the flush of his glory drew such liberal supplies from his parliament, that he once more invaded Normandy with 25,000 men, and having made himself master of all the lower part of the province, he laid siege to Rouen. To an application for peace, he made a reply which showed that he sought nothing less than the crown of France. By the famous treaty of Troyes, he subsequently espoused the princess Catherine. As if to consummate his prosperity, a son was born to him, and all his great projects seemed in full progress to success, when he was attacked by a fistula, which carried him off at the early age of thirty-four, and in the tenth year of his reign: he died at Bois Vincennes, near Paris, between two and three o'clock in the morning

of Monday next after the feast of the decollation of St. John the Baptist, the 31st of August, 1422. Such was the untimely end of the gallant and youthful conqueror of France—Henry V., a favourite name, yet one of the false glories of English history. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

It is, however, consistent with the estimate of greatness, that memorials of such a conqueror should be held in reverence. Accordingly, a few relics are preserved within the walls which inclose the royal ashes. Over the recess occupied by Henry's tomb is a large and elegant chantry. This is entered by two staircases within octagonal towers, ornamented with statues and pierced tracery; and at the back of the chapel, above the altar-piece, is an extremely rich composition of screen-work, containing several large and small statues, within elaborately-wrought niches. On a wooden bar that extends between the entrance towers is the *casque*, or helmet, which Henry wore at Agincourt; and fastened against the large columns at the sides are his shield and war-saddle. And now:

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen.

Our bending author hath pursued the story;

In little room confining mighty men.

Maugling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly lived

This star of England: fortune mouned his word;

By which the world's best garden he achieved,

And of it left his son imperial lord.

Shakespeare: Henry V.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF FLOWERS.

(Imitated from the French.)

HASTE away to Flora's bowers,
Ye who wish to gather flowers,
I have some of every kind,—
You will surely pleasure find;
Here their beautiful forms you see,
Dress'd in loveliest symmetry:
If you wish for happy hours,
Strew the path of life with flowers.
Some for every taste I find,—
I have some of every kind;
For lovers I the *lily* strow,
For tenderness the *myrtle* bough;
I've *marigolds* for jealous tur'd,
And *poppies* for the unconcern'd;
For friends the *flower* that's *ever-fair*,
And *patience* for the married pair.
The pale *narcissus* too, forsooth,
Will I present to many a youth;
The *sunflower's* for the men at court,
The *gold-rod* misers may support;
The *pansy** suits the thoughtful best
And *bell-flowers* babblers—no'er at rest;
And, from the general consent,
The *hellebore*† for poets meant.
For some (within a grove that's near)
To whom the name of Rousseau's dear,
The *periwinkle*† I protect,
Whose dark green leaves demand respect;

* Named from *pensée*, a thought.

† "J'allais m'établir aux Charmettes, avec M. de Warrens; en marchant elle vit quelque chose de bien dans sa houle, et me dit: Voilà de la pervenche encore en fleur. En 1764, étant à Cressier, avec mon ami M. du Peyrou, nous montions une petite montagne. Je commençais alors d'herboriser au peu. En montant, et regardant parmi les bû-

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For beauty, you may well suppose,
I'll ever keep the beauteous rose,
And that I may my fondness prove,
A thornless one for her I love.

T. S. A.

The Sketch-Book.

THE BOATMAN'S STORY.

[MISS PARDOE, in her entertaining *River and the Desert*, relates the following episodal sketch, which our graceful tourist drew from the boatman who rowed her to and from the Château d'If.]

"*Ces dames*," he said with a quiet smile, "have lingered long among the dungeons. It is but a sad pastime at best; and well is it for those who can walk forth in freedom when they are weary of it. Brave hearts have broken behind the bars of the old castle—ay, and yonder too,"—and as he spoke, he pointed towards Fort St. John, which we were rapidly approaching.

"I can well believe it!" was my immediate rejoinder; as I was struck by the sudden air of animation and intelligence which had lighted up the old man's countenance, and lent a fire to his dim eye; for I instantly felt convinced that he had a tale to tell, and only required encouragement. "Were you ever in Fort St. John?"

The old man smiled again; but this time it was with a proud expression as he answered, "Few could tell, Madame, such a tale as I can, of that tower at the entrance of the port—the round one, with a narrow platform immediately beneath it. In that tower Philippe Egalité was confined, when he little hoped that his son,"—and as he spoke he half-lifted the woollen cap once more from his head,—"*that his son would ever sit on the throne of France.*"

"Have you reason to believe," I inquired, struck by the singular chance which promised to gratify my long-thwarted curiosity; "that the king's father really was imprisoned in Fort St. John?"

"Madame will admit that I cannot be deceived," was the answer, "when I tell her that the wife of my brother, who is now a poor widow, living in the *vieille ville*, was his attendant; and, moreover, the very individual who concerted his escape."

"Drink another glass of wine, and tell us the story," I exclaimed anxiously. "From you I shall at last, I doubt not, hear the truth."

The old man willingly obeyed; he drained a deep draught with great apparent relish, and with a gesture whose grace would have done no dishonour to a courtier; and then at once plunged into his narrative.

"My brother's wife, as I told you, mesdames," commenced the grey-headed boat-

man, *je pouvais un cri de joie: Oh! voilà de la parvenue. Et c'en était en effet.*—*Jean Jacques Rousseau.*

man, "was the attendant of the illustrious prisoner: and often, very often, did the tears rush into the eyes of Marianne as she entered his cell, and found him leaping against the closely-barred casement, looking longingly upon the world without. These gentlemen, if they *have served*, are well aware how ill the active spirit brooks restraint; and such was that of Philippe Egalité.

"He watched the flight of the sea-gulls, and sighed as he saw them spread their grey wings, and sweep across the waves,—he followed the swift track of the little skiffs that darted past the tower out into the blue sea beyond,—he listened to the song of the mariner, and the busy hum of the city streets—and started as the measured tread of the guard on the rampart of his prison called back his thoughts to his own hated thralldom.

"Marianne had a tender heart, and thus she could not witness the silent grief of the lordly captive, without imbibing a portion of his melancholy; while, woman-like, she betrayed her interest in his sorrows almost as soon as she felt it. It is not difficult to believe that the captive endeavoured to profit by a sympathy as welcome as it was unexpected. He told the simple and warm-hearted Marianne thrilling tales of his unequal fortunes; and dropped hints of her power to brighten them. The pitying woman desired no better, but of herself she was only too conscious that she could do little; while she shrank with a terror by no means extraordinary or uncalled-for, from the risk of involving either herself or others in an adventure which, if discovered, was certain to involve the personal safety of every individual connected with it. His eloquence, nevertheless, won upon her heart, while his sorrows softened it; and after a long interval of irresolution and timidity, she at length promised to seek counsel of her husband.

"Jacques was a fisherman, mesdames, a worthy and honest lad; industrious as a spider, and brave as a lion; a French sailor, with a true heart, and a ready hand; somewhat hot-headed withal, as Marianne well knew, and on this very fact she built her hopes of his assistance.

"You will not doubt that he was startled by the wild scheme of his excited and anxious wife, when she first explained to him her hopes, her projects, and her fears; but he loved his simple-minded Marianne, and he would not chide her; though he treated her for awhile as a froward and wilful child, and laughed at her earnestness. Day after day, however, the subject was resumed; and at length he was induced to lay on his oars under the casement of the captive's cell, and to imply an interest in his misfortunes, which aroused the prisoner to yet warmer entreaties and more urgent efforts to excite the active services of Marianne.

"But I am telling a long story," said the old man, checking himself; "and I shall only weary you with many words, when very few will suffice to satisfy you that he did not strive in vain. The dress of Marianne concealed a coil of well-twisted rope, by which the captive was to lower himself from the casement to the little platform, that is now plainly visible on our left hand; her hair became the hiding-place of a couple of sharp files, with which the iron bars were to be severed; and Jacques had pledged himself to be in waiting with his boat to receive and secrete the fugitive when he descended.

"So far all went well: but the work was yet to do; and as the nights were bright, and the sky flooded with moonlight, the prisoner had ample time to execute the first portion of his task, ere gloom and darkness rendered it safe for him to attempt his escape. Skilfully and secretly he worked, and no suspicion was excited; nor did the heart of the captive himself beat more tumultuously when the eventful midnight at length arrived which was to decide his fate, than those of Jacques and his anxious Marianne. Nature seemed to be a party in the plot; for as the sun set, a thick, dense bank of clouds obscured its parting radiance; and when the darkness gathered over the sea, down came the rain in torrents, born furiously along by the wild squalls of wind that swept across the port.

"The little boat of Jacques rocked frightfully in the gusts, but his heart was firm; and he knew that his wife, after taking leave of her imprisoned master, and commending him from her spirit-depths to the Virgin and the blessed Saints, would be awaiting him at an appointed spot not far from the shore, to assist him, if need were, in securing the escape of the royal fugitive.

"With this conviction Jacques fearlessly pursued his purpose; and within a few seconds of the time at which he had promised to be at his post, a shrill whistle, that to any ear but one prepared for such a signal, must have passed for the sweeping of a gust of wind across the battlements, or the cry of a startled sea-bird, brought the prisoner to the narrow window of his dungeon. The bars, already ground away by the file, were hastily and quietly withdrawn; the rope, made fast to the heavy iron bedstead of the cell, was flung from the casement, and hung almost to the platform, beneath which the boat rocked and heaved with the heavy sea that dashed itself into foam against the tower; and soon the practised, and now sharpened eye of Jacques, discovered the form of the prince, as it passed through the narrow aperture with some difficulty, and hung for a moment suspended mid-way between the window and the boat.

"But the temporary suspense was frightfully terminated; for the anxious Jacques had

not time to utter an *Ave*, ere he saw the prisoner fall heavily on the platform; while a low groan assured him that some bitter consequence had ensued.

"Well was it, both for the prince and his deliverer, that a wilder night never heaved up the stormy waves of the Mediterranean; for thanks to the howling of the wind, and the darkness of the scud that drove over the sky, they continued unobserved; and Jacques ascertained to his dismay, that the captive, by the failure of the rope, had broken his leg above the knee, and was writhing with agony.

"No time was to be lost,—nor was it; and although Jacques was unable to the day of his death to explain how the thing was done, it is certain that he contrived by some means to get the wounded man on board the boat; and to row him safely to the spot where Marianne, trembling with anxiety and shivering with cold, stood, eagerly looking for her husband and the fugitive.

"A few words sufficed to tell her all, but Marianne was not easily daunted; and she felt at once that these circumstances only entailed the necessity of additional care and caution. The prince was wrapped up in the wet sails that lay at the bottom of the boat, and carried between the husband and wife to their miserable room, on the ground-floor of a squalid house in the *vieille ville*. There, in a wood-closet, rudely constructed of a few coarse planks, and pillowed on a seaman's cloak, was stretched the agonized form of our king's father; and there, with Jacques for his doctor, and Marianne for his nurse, in darkness and in dread, lay the suffering prince; while the alarm-guns were booming along the water from the ramparts of the fortress, and the city was overrun by soldiers in pursuit of the fugitive.

"But he escaped them, mesdames!" exclaimed the old man, while his eye lightened up, and the blood gushed over his wrinkled forehead; "He escaped them! and departed from the hovel of my brother, by the assistance of some trusty friends to whom he had made known his retreat. Where he went, I have forgotten; and perhaps you do not need telling—And here we are, under the very window; this is the platform—you see I can almost touch it with my ear; and I have nothing more to add, except my thanks that you have listened with so much patience to my story."

"But how has it chanced, my friend," I asked, "that you have never been rewarded for so signal a service to a member of the reigning family? You are an old man, and are becoming too feeble for your business. Why do you not petition the king for a pension for your sister-in-law, if not for yourself? Louis Philippe has rewarded, with the greatest liberality, services far less essential than this."

"We have ready arms, ready arms, a wreath of thorns done the king! alas! nothing!" "And they weaved?" "I in the old his story. the Tuilleries."

"Who Marianne and clothes on a Three Days of Fort St. carried the where we it, and proffered, he since that."

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"We have done it, madame," was the ready answer; "we have a friend on the Quai, a writer; and he put together a petition of three pages for us, that it would have done the king himself good to read. But alas! nothing came of it."

"And through what channel was it conveyed?" I inquired, now as much interested in the old man as I had previously been with his story. "Are you sure that it ever reached the Tuilleries?"

"Who can say?" he replied sadly; "Marianne and I dressed ourselves in our best clothes on a fine morning, just after the *Three Days* that put the son of the prisoner of Fort St. John on the French throne; and carried the petition ourselves to the Prefecture, where we found M. le Maire, who looked over it, and promised that when an opportunity offered, he would forward it to Paris; but since that day we have heard no more of it."

"And never will?" I answered somewhat abruptly. "Why, my good old man, the Marquis de — was Mayor of Marseilles at that period. I know him well—he is a Carlist, heart and soul; and of course made *ahumettes* of your petition."

"Our Lady's will be done!" said the hostman quietly. "What can a poor man expect who has no friend to take his part? Take care of your fingers, madame, for I am going to run the boat close along-side that small brig. Should you go on the water again in the course of the week, will you be so good as to ask for 'The Two Brothers?'"

And thus it was, my dear —, that I ascertained the locality of Philippe Egalité's dungeon.

The Contemporary Crabber.

KAYMANS IN GUIANA.

From Mr. Schomburgk's *Ascent of the River Berbice*. Our progress was quite slow: we turned round a sudden bend of the river, when a most obnoxious effluvia greeted our noses, and we observed a flock of that curious bird, the king of the vultures, rising from a dead kayman: we did not succeed in shooting a full-grown bird; a young one was, however, procured, the feathers of which were just about to turn from black to white: this is a curious change, peculiar to several birds. There were upwards of from fifteen to twenty assembled round the carion: they flew with the noise of heavy wings from branch to branch, until scared by the first shot, they flew deeper into the woods; the opportunity of glutting themselves was too inviting to be abandoned by a rapid flight. We were not very successful in procuring game, but we were indemnified by a large number of fish, which were as acceptable at the period, as they had been scarce for some time past: our crew procured fourteen large *haimaras*, one of the

most delicate of the finny tribe in these rivers; their average weight is about 15 lbs. In order to catch them, spring hooks are set in the evening, and when the fish allured by the bait, takes it, it is drawn by the elasticity of the rod out of the water, and there it hangs until it is secured by the fisherman; but it is not man only who is anxious to secure the entrapped fish; among the foremost comes the kayman, which, attracted by the noise of the struggling fish, considers he has as much right to it as the Indian who sets the hook. In this piratical system he is assisted by the *pirai*, called by the Arawaaks *Aouma*, which slashes piece after piece from the poor captive and when the fisherman takes his round, he finds nothing but the head attached to the rod. Those who set the hooks should, therefore, be constantly on the alert.

The kaymans are very numerous; one, including the tail of four feet eight inches, measured fourteen feet. It is astonishing how far fool-hardiness sometimes carries the Indian, while at others he shows the greatest cowardice; he acts on impulse. The kayman lay motionless and apparently dead along the banks of the river. Salomon, the chief man of my Warrows, jumped a-shore, and after having given him a few blows with a cutlass across the head, attempted to force its jaws open with his hands: he desisted only by my commands: scarcely had he allowed the kayman's head to drop to its former position, when the monster snapped most violently at the Indian: it missed him, but got hold of an old stump of a tree, where we had to use the axe to get him loose. Mr. Cameron had shot another with a ball through the head, just under the eye: after having violently beaten the water with its tail, it rose to the surface of the river, its white shining belly turned upwards, and we considered it dead: one of the corials was sent to secure the head, but on its approach, new life appeared to start in its veins; it turned itself round, and rushed violently through the water, the foreman of the smaller corial, Hendrick, stood ready with the cutlass: it now turned its attack towards the assailant, and with its formidable jaws open, it rushed towards the bow. Hendrick got so much frightened at this unexpected display of teeth, that he even allowed his paddle which he had in the other hand, to drop in the water, and fell back without directing a single blow. I instantly desired my larger corial to be drawn across to hem the monster in: but it did not await our arrival, and with open mouth came violently towards our broadside, as if it intended to join the party inside, not a little to the consternation of its inmates, then struck against the side of the corial, sunk under it, lashing with its tail, and wetting us all over, and vanished in the deep water.—*Geographical Society's Journal*.

UPSETTING OF A BOAT IN A CATARACT OF
THE RIVER HERBICE.

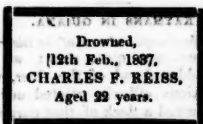
From Mr. Schomburgk's Narrative.

CORNELIUS reported this morning that he had inspected the cataract, and he thought it impossible that the corial could be lowered down by ropes, since the rocks did not afford footing to the Indians. Mr. Reiss, who was standing next to me, thought I was too apprehensive; and he considered there was less danger for my corial, than for the one which descended the preceding morning. The corial was therefore to shoot the cataract, and I saw that the necessary arrangements were made for her descent. I was much surprised when Mr. Reiss expressed his intention to go in the corial, in order to see better how she would go down. I remonstrated with him, as he was not an experienced swimmer; and, being called away by some other business, I thought it was a mere whim, which would be given up on further reflection. I was yet in conversation with Mr. Vieth, when information was brought to me that the corial was just on the point of starting. I proceeded directly to the foot of the cataract: when the corial hove in sight, the first object that struck me was Mr. Reiss, standing on one of the thwarts in the corial, when prudence would have dictated that he should sit down. From that moment to the catastrophe not two seconds elapsed. Intending to avoid the danger of yesterday, they descended at a different point, where the fall was more precipitous. The shock when her bow struck the surge, caused Mr. Reiss to lose his balance: in falling, he grasped one of the iron stanchions of the awning. The corial was upset, and, in the next moment, her inmates, thirteen in number, were seen struggling with the current, and, unable to stem it, were carried with rapidity towards the next cataract. My eyes were fixed on poor Reiss: he kept himself above water but a short time, sunk, and re-appeared; and, when I had hopes that he might reach one of the rocks, the current of the next rapid seized him, and I fear he came in contact with a sunken rock: he was turned completely round, and sunk in the whirlpool at the foot of the rapid. His cap was taken up by the first Indian (old Mathias) who was able to stem the current, and attempted to swim to his assistance: he mistook the cap for poor Reiss. Immediately that I was able to muster men enough to guide a corial, we commenced a most diligent search, in which we were assisted by some who had, meanwhile, manned a second corial. For the two next hours all our endeavours were fruitless. At length we found his body in a direction where we least expected it, and where an under current must have drifted it. Life was extinct;

nevertheless, the usual means for recovering drowned persons, were resorted to, but in vain.

It now became my painful duty to make arrangements for depositing the remains of our poor companion in their last home. During the evening I selected for that purpose a sequestered spot, opposite to the place where he was drowned, on a rising ground which the water, even when at its highest, during inundations, does not reach. Two aged trees here stand on the western bank of the river, whence I desired a path to be cleared for his future resting-place.

Feb. 13.—This morning we carried our poor friend to his grave. In the absence of a coffin, we wrapped him in his hammock as a shroud; and after he had been put into the corial, by the upsetting of which he lost his life, we conveyed him to the opposite shore, and from thence he was carried, by the young men who professed Christianity, to the level spot on the hill which we had prepared for his resting-place; and while I read the expressive and beautiful service for the burial of the dead, there was not an eye dry of those who call themselves Christians; and even the Indians, decently apparelled, stood with downcast eyes round his grave, and over many a rude cheek stole a tear. On a level ground, round which mora-trees and palms,—the latter an emblem of the Christian faith,—form an almost perfect circle, there now rises a pile of stones, under which rests our lamented companion to await his Maker's call. A small tablet which he himself brought, in order to engrave his name, and to leave it as a remembrance in case we should reach the Acaray mountains, now bears this inscription:—



and is firmly fixed to one of the trees that form the circle.—*Ibidem.*

MINERAL WEALTH OF THE URAL MOUNTAINS.

THE sand containing small particles of gold, occurs along the eastern declivity of the Uralian range, in numerous places north of 56° N. lat., and extends beyond 60° N. lat. It occurs on the western declivity likewise, but only in a few places, and contains less gold. On the Siberian side of the range, the sand from which the gold is extracted contains about one and a half or two solotnik of gold in a pood, or from 1-2,380 to 1-1990; that which contains less is at present not

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worked. But even sand containing only 1-7,680 of gold can still be washed with profit. The expenses in washing gold containing between 1-2,280 and 1-1,920 of gold, amount commonly to 2-5 of its net produce. Sometimes sand is found, of which 1-600 and even 1-300 is gold. A small quantity of silver is always mixed with the gold; it amounts to between 2 and 11 parts in 100. Near the Altai mountains likewise, gold sand has been discovered in some places, and they have begun working it. The first establishment for working this sand in the Ural was made in 1814, at Beresowsk, near Yekaterinburg; and since that time they have been increasing in number and extent. Last year the produce of all the Russian mines gave 27,885 mares of gold, of which more than two thirds were derived from the washing of the sand.

Professor Rose enters into great detail in his account of the platina mines. They are situated on the western declivity of the Ural, about the parallel of 57° 40' north. He reached them on passing the range from the east; the highest part of the road rose only 1,216 feet above the sea. The number of the mines is six, and they lie at a short distance from one another. In the most northern, called *Sukhovissinokoi*, the discovery of the sand containing platina was made in 1825, and at the other places it was found soon afterwards. The proportion of platina is much larger than that of gold, as it amounts on an average to 1-142 of the whole mass. Sometimes pieces are found weighing some ounces, and even half a pound and upwards. A small quantity of gold is united with the platina. In 1834 platina was discovered in layers of serpentine. The produce of platina in 1836 amounted to 8,270 marcs.

Whilst Baron Humboldt and his companions were travelling in the Ural, the discovery of diamonds in this range was made. Observing, that in Brazil as well as in New Granada, diamonds occurred together with gold and platina in the same beds of sand, Baron Humboldt had conjectured, some time before he went to the Ural, that probably these precious stones might be found in the gold sand of that range, and he and his companions directed their attention to that point. Though they did not succeed in finding diamonds, these stones were discovered at that time at Bissersk (about 58° 30' N. lat.), by Count Polier, in the gold-sand of this washing establishment. Two years later Mr. Major, or as he is called in Siberia, Mr. Mesher, an English engineer, who has made several steam-engines for the mines of Siberia, and is himself in possession of an establishment for washing gold-sand, in the neighbourhood of Yekaterinburg, discovered also two diamonds on his

estate. Only small stones have been found, as far as is known; and up to July, 1833, their number amounted only to 37.—*Ibid.*

Anecdote Gallery.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE, AT ISLINGTON.

THE Cut represents "the Pied Bull," near Islington Church, stated in our 19th volume, p. 392, to have been a residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. The architecture and decorations appear to have been of the Elizabethan period. The chimney-piece of one of the rooms was ornamented by a representation of Faith, Hope, and Charity, with their usual emblems, in niches surrounded by a border of cherubim, fruit, and foliage. Above the figure of Charity, which occupied the centre, were two Cupids bearing a crown; and beneath were the supporters of the royal arms, couchant. This was, probably, a conceit of the artist, designed as a compliment to the reigning princess. The ceiling bore a personification of the five Senses, in stucco, with the name of each, in Latin, underneath. In a window looking into the garden were the arms of Sir John Miller, who appears to have occupied the premises subsequent to the death of Raleigh. These arms were in stained glass, within a border of mermaids, parrots, and a pair of sea-horses supporting a bunch of green leaves, which by some persons, were thought to represent the tobacco-plant. In the kitchen window were the remains of some of the above coat, with the date 1624; also the arms of Porter, impaling those of Pennythorne, and various other heraldic fragments in stained glass.

Although, as before stated, neither Oldys nor Shirley, biographers of Raleigh record his living at Islington, the above tradition is supported by such concurring circumstances as to warrant belief in it. This evidence is recorded in a Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, published in 1740, wherein it is stated of the above house, " 'tis popularly reported to have been a villa of his (Raleigh's) for the present tenant affirms that his landlord was possessed of some old account books, by which it appears beyond all doubt, that this house and fourteen acres of land, now let at 71*l.* per annum, did belong to Sir Walter Raleigh."—pp. 152, 153.

We obtain a glimpse of the road between this "village," and the metropolis in Raleigh's time as well as a trait of the manners of the period, from the following curious anecdote recorded by Strype.

"Beyond Aldersgate Bars, leaving the Charter House on the left hand, stretches up towards Iseldon, commonly called Islington, a country-town hard by, which, in the former age, was esteemed to be so pleasantly seated,



(Sir Walter Raleigh's House, Islington.)

that, in 1581, Queen Elizabeth, (on one of the twelve days,) on an evening, rode that way to take the air; where, near the town, she was environed with a number of begging rogues, which gave the queen much disturbance. Whereupon, Mr. Stone, one of the footmen, came in all haste to the Lord Mayor, and to Fleetwood, the recorder, and told them the same. The same night did the recorder send out warrants into the same quarters, and into Westminster and the Duchy; and in the morning he went out himself, and took that day seventy-four rogues, whereof some were blind, and yet great usurers, and very rich. Upon Twelfth-day, the recorder met the governor of Bridewell, and they examined together all the abovesaid seventy-four rogues, and gave them *substantial payment*; and the strongest they bestowed in the milne and the lighter; the rest were dismissed with a promise of *double payment*, if they were met with again."

The Public Journals.

THE YEARLY MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS. BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(Abridged from *Tait's Magazine*.)

THIS great assembly is held in London, opening always on a Wednesday in the latter end of May, and continuing into the month of June, generally lasting about ten days or a fortnight. Of course, it is the most important event in their religious system, the most interesting season in their year. To this great meeting, the business of all their lesser meetings points, and is here consummated. In this meeting, every subject which, as Friends, they deem important, is discussed; every public act determined; and the religious condition and moral discipline of the Society are reviewed. To it delegates are sent from every quarter of the island; by it committees are

appointed to receive appeals against the decision of minor meetings—to carry every object which is deemed desirable within their body, or beyond it, into effect; by it Parliament is petitioned; the crown addressed; religious ministers are sanctioned in their schemes of foreign travel, or those schemes restrained; and funds are received and appropriated for the prosecution of all their views as a Society.

For the better understanding of the working of their system, it may be as well to explain that, in every place in the kingdom where the Friends have a meeting-house for worship, they hold, once a month, after the meeting for worship is over, a meeting of discipline—a meeting, in fact, for the transaction of the civil affairs of the Society; such as providing funds for the support of the poor, for the education of the children of the poor; inquiring into the general moral condition of the meeting; or taking individual delinquents to task. This is called a preparative meeting—that is, a meeting preparative to the monthly meeting, which is a meeting consisting of several preparative meetings. To the monthly meeting, one or more representatives are sent from each preparative meeting; and from the monthly meeting, others are sent to the quarterly meeting, which generally includes within its jurisdiction one or two counties; and, of course, several monthly meetings. From the quarterly meetings, then, in spring, representatives are sent to the yearly meeting; and here it should be understood, that the women, as well as the men, hold their preparative, monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings of discipline, as they are called. The grand basis of the Society is that of the most perfect human equality—an equality which extended to sex as well as to every other condition of humanity. Women are placed on the footing of companions and co-heirs of all social rights

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and privileges; and, therefore, hold their own meetings of discipline, and transact all affairs belonging exclusively to their own sex: that is, they watch over the wants, interests, moral conduct, and religious consistency of the female part of the community; so that, at the close of a meeting for worship, once a month, the women retire into another apartment, and open their books, and discuss their own concerns, as the men do theirs, in their meeting; and, of course, they send, to the monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, their own representative too.

We will now suppose that the spring quarterly meetings, in each county throughout the kingdom, have been held; and both men and women have appointed their respective representatives, generally two or three of each sex in each quarterly meeting; and these important personages are on their way. But they are not on their way alone; for they are not the sole attendants of the yearly meeting. The system, as we have said, is a system of full and equal enjoyment of all social privileges; and, therefore, every individual of the Society has a clear right to attend the yearly meeting in his own person. The only difference between the representatives and the other members, as to attendance, is, that the representatives *must* attend; every other individual *may* attend, if he or she please. And great are the numbers which do attend; for, it may well be supposed, that such a meeting must have many attractive attributes to every one who loves the conversation of Friends—who loves the Society, and is interested in the judicious management of its affairs. The representatives are charged, of course, with all specific matters of business; but every individual is interested in every general discussion, and in bringing it to the best termination. Every man, therefore, as he possesses the right, may, if he please, take part in the general business; may give an opinion when an opinion is necessary; and there naturally arise some men, more adroit, or who take more pleasure in the discussion of the Society's affairs in their meetings, and who come to be called great disciplinarians; but every man *may* offer his opinion; and numbers do offer them in a very brief shape indeed.

The number is sure to be made up, and then very pleasant it is after meeting to compare notes—men and women. "Who are appointed by your meeting?"—"Oh, John Such-an-one, and Thomas Such-an-one."—"And who by yours?"—"Oh, Sumanna Such-an-one, and Rachel So-and-so, and Jane Such-a-Friend!" And then comes the news who are the representatives from the neighbouring quarterly meeting, and the time is looked forward to, and a pleasant season is anticipated. And, lo! as it comes

near, it turns out that plenty of Friends are going. Those who "had not thought of it" before the quarterly meeting, have thought of it seriously since. Those who "did not see their way clear," have found the atmosphere brighten up surprisingly. Matters of business have given way; the young have found fathers or uncles are *not* going, or that they can all go very well together. In short, the only difficulty now is to secure places by the coaches. On going to take a place by the mail about this time, you are pretty sure to find the whole inside taken by Friends! Inside and outside, you see them proceeding from all parts of the country for a few days before the commencement of the meeting. The day before, they pour into London by tribes—coaches and private carriages, barouches and chaises; you meet them on every road near the metropolis, travelling, if in their own carriages, at an easy pace and with goodly horses—for a merciful man is merciful to his beast; and, besides, they are not fond of hurrying themselves. In London, even at this thronging season of the year, when all the worlds of this kingdom have met in it—the world of fashion, the religious world, the parliamentary world, the world of pleasure, and the world of business, jumbled and confounded together out of doors, however distinct they may be within; when vehicles, public and private chariots, omnibuses, break-neck cabs, patent safeties, cars, wagons, britschkas, tilburies, are rushing, crushing, scouring, and dashing together, as if their only aim were the utmost pitch of peril and confusion; when ministers of State and ministers of religion, popular orators and popular preachers, are thronging to their particular places of exhibition—to St. Stephens, or to Exeter Hall, to nightly debates or anniversary occasions; when visitors of exhibitions, and troops of lawyers watching the progress of private bills, are all swelling the tide and tumult of the Great Babel—even at this multitudinous season, the influx of Friends becomes strikingly conspicuous. The city is their place of resort. Bishopsgate-street, where their meeting is situated, in which the yearly meeting is held, is the great place of their gathering together.

We have on more than one occasion travelled up to town with a whole inside of Friends, and we could not help imagining that those who are apt to regard them as a very self-denying people, would have seen with some degree of wonder the quiet indulgence in which they travelled on. Going up to the yearly meeting, is like the going up of the Israelites of old to the Passover at Jerusalem—and it is plain that it is a time of feasting and good cheer. At every meal, our Friends seemed to enjoy themselves with a sense of the good things of Provi-

dence which even Solomon must have approved, when he said, "Let us eat and drink, for it is the gift of God." I speak now more particularly of one full-grown and full-fed party which filled the coach as a nut is filled with its kernel. They enjoyed the fat things of the table, and laid in stores of substantial for discussion in the intervals of travel. At breakfast, they ordered a quantity of eggs to be hard boiled, to take with them, and a pint of Sherry, which they carefully decanted into a handsome wine-flask. Whenever the horses were changed at any place noted for the production of any good thing, they sent and procured of it: at one place a Stilton cheese; at another, a cream cheese; nay, even young radishes were purchased. It was evident that they were providing for the lodgings in town which were themselves already provided—for experienced yearly-meetings-goers, always secure good and appropriate quarters, before leaving the "warm precincts" of their own houses. This party being a stout and jolly quartet, and the weather being unusually warm for the season, they travelled with the coach-doors open, to get as good a share of fresh air as they had already got of provisions. Every coachman and every traveller that we met, wondering at the winged aspect of our vehicle, its doors both standing wide, invariably cried, "Coachman, your doors are open!" Coachman nodded assent, and went on without further notice, to the increased astonishment of the people. If our Friends, however, took good care of themselves, it was evident that they extended their care to all those, too, who had a claim of fees upon them; for those invariably expressed their lively satisfaction on feeling the gratuity in the palm, by the most expressive faces, and other indubitable signs. Let no one accuse me of wishing to represent sober Friends as gourmands. I here merely relate a particular case which I have seen; and I am bound, by a large experience, to describe them truly as a temperate, but yet a self-indulgent people, who, in fulfilment of their own and the Psalmist's prayer, have been led "to lie down in green pastures and by the still waters."

The mingling of plain coats, broad hats, friendly shawls, and friendly bonnets, in the great human stream that for ever rolls along the *parées* of the city, is in that neighbourhood, at this season, become very predominant. As you pass along almost any street therabouts, you see at the upper windows of all the inns, and at numbers of the private houses, tribes of Friends' faces. Collarless coats and plain caps catch your eye at every turn. Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, Gracechurch-street, Houndsditch, Liverpool-street, Old Broad-street, San-street, almost every street of that district, fairly swarms with Friends. The

inns and private lodgings are full of them. The White Hart and the Four Swans, are noted places of their sojourn. It is said, I suppose more in joke than earnest, that, while the yearly meeting lasts, almost every article of food or luxury rises in price—fresh butter, poultry, eggs, veal, lamb, and vegetables, are dreadfully dear; and that jarvies are more than ordinarily difficult to deal with. No doubt, Friends help to swell the tide of strangers at this crisis, and to increase those effects which are felt distinctly enough in "the season."

It is curious to see the numerous groups of Friends that are there moving about: threes and fours of young women in their dove-coloured garbs, and quiet, fresh faces; the men-Friends moving along at a more leisurely pace than Londoners are wont; the stately dowager-like matrons, most plump and well-fed personages, with their silk gowns folded carefully round them, and held with one hand, while they lean with the other on some staid man-Friend, or some slender slip of a growing son, who sees mighty London, wondering, yet with a quiet face, for the first time in his life. It is curious to see the many quaint and picturesque figures of men, some with their looped-up hats and walking-canes, and distinct air of wealth and citizenship, which clearly marks them as men of note in their own distant cities; others lank and long, with flying limbs, and raiment of uncouth cut, who have evidently issued from far-off dales and secluded abodes, to bear the din and jostle of London a brief while, for the fellowship of spirit to be found in the yearly meeting; and others, again, especially the young, with a cut of coat, progressing by rapid degrees from the most antiquated pattern of Quakerism to the nearest possible approach to the fashionable style of the day; not, indeed, with dress-coats, but with coats scalloped to resemble them—not with collared coats, but with coats *rolled* to resemble collars;—timid approaches to what is not worth approaching if it be not worth adopting, a mulish state between the man-Friend and the man of fashion, a hankering condition on the borders of the broad land of common observance, when a bold leap from the narrow pound of sectarian living had been at once more manly and becoming.

It is equally curious, and far more delightful, to see the continual recognitions of different parties, the running across the street to meet each other, the hearty shaking of hands, and introductions of each other to mutual friends, and the hearings and tellings of news of old friends and relatives in every part of the kingdom; of who is here, and who is not, and where different parties are located. This is what is continually passing in the streets at the first coming up of Friends; and at the different inns and

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lodgings, many are the visits and the similar inquiries. Numbers, as I have observed, have taken their lodgings before coming up; and those being known to their own friends, serve as guides and links to the discovery of others. At the inns, they have a *table d'hôte*, at which they generally breakfast and dine; and here they can invite any of their friends as their guests. Every Friend's house at this time has its guests; and many of the wealthy keep a sort of open house and invite as many to their tables as their houses will possibly hold. At their tables, and the *tables d'hôte*, there is a continual circulation of fresh faces; and you are sure, at the one or other of them, to meet, during the yearly meeting, almost every person of distinction in the Society. There are always some individuals of interest amongst them—popular ministers, or leading persons of one kind or other at almost every table. Nothing, therefore, can exceed the facility of introduction, and the formation of new acquaintances by those young persons who are desirous of making them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TELLING A LONG STORY.

A LONG story is a trait of incorrect manners. Such is the quantum of matter stirring in London, that London will not endure it. Sir Andrew Narrative told one lately at a house dinner at the Athenæum, with very good effect. It was to the following purport or effect:—A decent young woman entered a Paddington omnibus with an infant in her arms, of whom the other passengers admired the beauty. Sir Andrew and the young woman, when the vehicle arrived in Skinner-street, were the only parties left in the carriage. "Will you have the goodness, sir," said the damsel, "just to hold this child while I step into that shop?"—"Certainly," answered Sir Andrew. The living burden was accordingly deposited, and away went the proprietor of it. A few minutes elapsed—she returned not. The cad banged too the door, ejaculating "All right," and the omnibus proceeded on its journey, carrying Sir Andrew in the situation of Don John in the Chances. When the driver arrived at the corner of Ironmonger-lane, a grave, elderly gentleman was taken up, who, in his turn, expressed his admiration of the infant's beauty. "Will you have the goodness, sir, to hold this child for one minute?" said Sir Andrew, in his turn, beckoning the cad to stop at Bow Church.—"By all means, sir," answered the elderly gentleman. Hereupon Sir Andrew bounded from the carriage, paid the cad his sixpence, and ran down Friday-street like the innkeeper in Joseph Andrews, "without any fear of breaking his neck." Dick Duplicate was so pleased with this story, that he deter-

mined to tell it at a dinner of Americans who were going afterwards to Madame Vestris's theatre, to see Puss in Boots. Here Mr. Duplicate was terribly out in his reckoning for the three following reasons:—1st. Americans eat with railroad velocity; 2nd. They never laugh at a joke; and 3rd. Being engaged to go to the theatre, they must see every thing in order to obtain their money's worth. The consequence was that Dick was left to tell the conclusion of his story to two empty decanters. The poor fellow came to me for consolation. "Never mind, Dick," said I, "you are going next Wednesday to York, to visit your two maiden aunts. York is dull and distant, and your aunts have no occupation but a poodle dog. Tell them the story: amplify it *ad libitum*;—you may enlarge upon the utility of omnibuses, speculate upon the condition in life of the young woman, and the probable motive of her thus getting rid of her charge. Talk of Skinner-street. Say you remember, when a boy, its non-existence, and its circuitous predecessor, Snow Hill; and after mentioning Bow Church, talk of the dragon on the top of its steeple, with a suitable allusion to Sir Thomas Gresham's grasshopper. All this will be good manners at York; for, depend upon it, your maiden aunts will stand all this and a great deal more if you are in the humour to utter it."

I was led into this vein of admonition, from a circumstance that occurred to myself at the Union Club. A huge double-sheeted copy of the Times newspaper was put into my hands by one of the waiters. "Oh! what a bore all this is," said I, surveying the gigantic journal.—"Ah!" answered one of members who overheard me, "it is all very well for you who are occupied all day by business, and come here to read for your diversion, to call this double paper a bore; but what a blessing it is to a man living in the country;—it's equal to a day's fishing."
—*Monthly Chronicle.*

LONDON AS IT WAS.

CAST back the memory to those periods when the north bank of the Thames, from Temple Bar to Thorney Island, was an open space, dotted with mansions chiefly the residence of the Bishops and a few of the nobility; while on the opposite side stood, perhaps, an ancient church, or some secluded inn of court for the accommodation of country suitors and students. The traveller crossed a dozen streams descending rapidly from the then exposed hills towards the Thames, and which were spanned by several bridges, now buried deep beneath the rising soil and arched foundations of the present Strand. Then, he would pass on by the beautiful cross at the little village of Charing, and through no less than three gates before he entered the sanctuary at Westminster. Here

was the Abbey church, surrounded by its monastic buildings, by its far-extending walls; and, on the other side, the buildings of the ancient Palace (now the Parliament Houses and the Courts of Law) jutted out so far as to be confounded with Whitehall. He would pass houses and Palaces famous for their sometime inmates, and remarkable for their galleries of sculpture and painting, open to the artist up to the period of the Reformation; when, in dread of the idolatry of art, those treasures of the chisel and the pencil were shut up, if not buried from the public eye. He would pass the house adorned by the residence of the illustrious Sully, the hotels of many distinguished foreigners, and the house assigned to the homage-bringing kings of Scotland. Earlier, he might have seen the clock-tower, erected out of the fine levied on an unjust judge; if earlier still, the house in which Chaucer lived, almost on the site of the present chapel of Henry VII., would have greeted his curious eye. At a later period he might have seen the exhumed heads of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, rock to the wind from poles erected over the roof of Westminster Hall, above the seats on which they had doomed a monarch to the scaffold. At a much more recent date, the more pleasing picture of the old Palace and its gardens, as Canaletti saw them, under a warm clear sky, would have delighted our traveller: but he might have lived in our own times, when the land we have described was a peopled wilderness,—the site of the old Palace was covered with a mass of the most incongruous buildings; and, this beholding, he might have pardoned the fire which, sweeping them away, afforded an opportunity for the restoration of the ancient Palace of Westminster, dedicated however, to a purpose more exalted than the pageants of a court.—*Ibidem*.

LORD BROUGHAM AS AN AUTHOR.

BROUGHAM gave early proof of scientific capacity; but Edinburgh, the place of his education was not the school of mathematics; and his essays, printed—and forgotten—in the Philosophical Transactions, only prove his aptitude. He has since achieved a popular reputation for scientific acquirements. It is one which men of science, emphatically so called, would not and do not recognise,—but it suffices for his noble mission of leading the march of education and knowledge, and proves the extraordinary compass, clearness, and rapidity of his apprehension. He converses and reads, siezes and fixes, general principles, general laws, leading conclusions, and wields them with a dexterity and boldness which fill the multitude with admiration, but are far from imposing on men really scientific. These soon detect him in some loose phrase or palpable error, which

proves that his science is information—not knowledge. His celebrated discourse, on the Objects and Pleasures of Science, would furnish more than one example. But that discourse could have been written by no other man living; and perhaps will never be rivalled as a porch by which to lead the popular mind into the temple of scientific truth and useful knowledge.

His discourse on Natural Theology may be called the *tenth* Bridgewater Treatise. It however aims only at rivalry, not collision with its predecessors written by command. This tract has been charged with strenuous and artful advocacy, instead of the search of truth—with pressing into its service what was long familiar to philosophic divines, and could be new only to the uninitiated; but, like most of his productions, it proves his wonderful vigour and versatility.

He has written on various other subjects—some of temporary, others of permanent interest—but all having reference to the education, the liberty, the happiness of the people,—down to his last essay in the Edinburgh Review.—*Ibidem*.

New Books.

HINTS FOR THE TABLE.

[THIS is not one of the thousand and one manuals of etiquette and manners which of late have swarmed in city, town, hamlet, and village, aspiring to make the English people as polite as the Chinese, or their painted representatives in grocers' shop-windows. The little book before us aims at more substantial and useful matters, telling what and when to eat, how to dress it, and how to eat it—what to drink, and how to drink it. This is done in 986 detached Hints or Instructions in Dietetics, Cookery, and the Art of Dining; the Dessert Fruits, Wines and Liqueurs; and a plentiful *après* of Table-Anecdotes,—which Swift, by the way, thought corresponded in literature with the sauces, the savoury dishes, and the sweetmeats, of a splendid banquet. It would be difficult to convey an idea of all that is contained in this little book—so that we shall take a few specimens at random.]

A mixture of animal and vegetable food, aided by cooking and by condiments, may be said to be essential to our well-being and to our social existence; for, all attempts which have been made materially to simplify our diet, have not been attended by any flattering results, nor have either philosophers or economists succeeded in persuading mankind, either by example or precept, that raw vegetables and water are conducive to health and longevity; so that man must still submit to the distinctive definition of being a cooking animal.—*Brande*.

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Of our animal food, such as meat, fish, &c., about three-fourths consist of water; the residuary and really nutritive portion contains about half its weight of carbon.

Venison is the most digestible animal food: its age makes it fibrinous; its texture is naturally not so close-grained as that of beef and mutton, and the period during which it is hung, gives it additional tenderness. Next to venison, probably, follow grouse, at least in weather which allows the bird to be kept sufficiently long. All game has relatively this looseness of texture: so a pheasant or partridge is more digestible than a turkey or barn-door fowl. These facts, which Dr. Beaumont ascertained, are at variance with opinions which, for a long time, held their ground. But, Mr. Herbert Mayo, the celebrated physiologist, is fully satisfied of their correctness, by observations that he has made on the powers of weak stomachs.

Meats contain the most nutriment, milk and eggs the next, the best farinaceous food the next, fish the next, vegetables the least. The latter often, from the water they contain, produce flatulence; especially peas and beans. The potato, which is, on boiling, mealy, and breaks into flour on pressure, is extremely digestible.

The true art in the economy of refection, is to partake at one meal only of as much as will leave the eater free to do honour to the next. The luncheon should not be allowed to supersede the dinner, nor should the appetite be reserved solely for the principal repast.—*Ude*.

An adult in full health requires two substantial meals daily, and often without prejudice partakes of two additional slight repasts, in the twenty-four hours. Women, more delicately organized, eat sparingly, and require three meals in the day.

The hour of dinner should be neither too late nor too early: if too late, the system will have been exhausted for want of it, will be weakened, and the digestion enfeebled; if too early, the stomach will crave another substantial meal, which, taken late in the evening, will not be digested before the hours of sleep. A person who breakfasts at nine, should not dine later than six.—*Mayo*.

The enjoyment of dinner will be materially interrupted by any strong mental excitement, which will temporarily exhaust the digestive powers. Hence conversation at the dinner table should be of the lightest and least exciting kind. Dr. Beaumont made the singular remark, that anger causes bile to flow into the stomach; hence the indigestion of the choleric man.

The acidity of the stomach, and other symptoms of indigestion which follow occasional indulgence in wine, may, to a great ex-

tent, be prevented by a dose of magnesia at bed-time, which saturates the acid in the stomach, and allays the febrile action.

John Hunter used to say, that most people lived above par, which rendered the generality of diseases and accidents the more difficult of cure.* Baron Maseres, who lived to be near ninety, and who never employed a physician, used to go one day in every week without dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea.

Diet should be varied in the same meal; this salutary object may be obtained by a meal of different dishes. It may be desirable to take nourishment, when the appetite, from whatever cause, has failed and gone off. In that case, a spoonful of soup, a flake of fish, a slice of cold beef, in succession, will provoke an appetite, and with it digestion, where the nicest mutton cutlet, or the most tempting slice of venison, would have turned the stomach.—*Mayo*.

In our system of cookery, the paucity of standards of taste is a great disadvantage. In France, a dish once tasted is always known again; but in England, such is not the case, for a *ragout*, *fricassée*, or curry, will vary in flavour at different tables. This is mainly owing to the contradictory receipts in different cookery books, and the liberties taken with them.

The waste of available animal food in the form of bone is prodigious. Bone constitutes, upon an average, a fifth part of the weight of an animal, and one-third of the weight of bone may be reckoned as good substantial food. The weight of butcher's meat consumed in London annually is supposed to be 179 millions of lbs., = 35 million lbs. of bones, = 11 million lbs. of dry gelatine, or real nutritive matter, which is so far wasted as not to be applied to the support of human life. The bones of pork, game, poultry, and fish, not included in the above notice, must also be of great amount. From all, or any of these, an excellent dry gelatine, or portable soup, might be prepared, and sold for about 2s. per lb., equivalent to three or four times its weight of raw meat. An honorary reward for the best essay on the "Cookery of Bone" would not be ill bestowed; soups innumerable, and other palatable and nutritious dishes, might spring out of such an inquiry, especially if pursued by any good cook, who would condescend to learn a little chemistry.—*Brande*.

Circular dining and supper tables are gradually coming into fashion, so as, in imagination, to revive the chivalric glory of "the Round Table." An expanding table of this

* Sir William Temple says, the only way for a rich man to be healthy, is, by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.

form has recently been invented, the sections of which may be caused to diverge from a common centre, so that the table may be enlarged or expanded by inserting leaves or pieces in the openings or spaces caused by such divergence. An immense table has been constructed upon this principle for Devonshire House; it consists of some dozen pieces. This novelty in the table has given rise to a new form of table-cloth manufacture, of great costliness and beautiful design. The setting of the loom for a cloth for a large circular table is stated to have cost 70*l*.

By careful experiment, it has been proved that the flame of a tallow candle is far more brilliant than that of wax-lights; composition candles are equal in vividness of light, excepting always that, into the composition of them there enters a portion of tallow, which is next, though at a wide distance, from the tallow candle.—Dr. Ure has ascertained that a mould candle will burn half an hour longer than a dipped candle, of the same size, and give rather more light. The doctor has also proved that in candles, generally, the larger the flame, the greater the economy of light.

Gas lighting has been introduced into private houses, but with equivocal success. Mr. Lockhart well observes, that "the blaze and glow, and occasional odour of gas, when spread over every part of a private house, will ever constitute a serious annoyance for the majority of men—still more so of women." Sir Walter Scott, in 1823, introduced gas-lighting into the dining-room at Abbotsford. "In sitting down to table in autumn, no one observed that in each of three chandeliers there lurked a little tiny bead of red light. Dinner passed off; and the sun went down, and suddenly, at the turning of a screw, the room was filled with a gush of splendour, worthy of the palace of Aladdin; but, as in the case of Aladdin, the old lamp would have been better in the upshot. Jewellery sparkled, but cheeks and lips looked cold and wan in this fierce illumination; and the eye was wearied, and the brow arched, if the sitting was at all protracted."—*Life of Scott*, vol. v.

Flowers have, of late years, been introduced at table with delightful effect. The Romans, it is certain, considered flowers essential to their festal preparations; and, at their dinners, the number of flowers far exceeded that of fruits.

The designs upon British porcelain and earthenware have long been referred to as proof of the bad taste of their manufacturers; though, in this case, the censure should be thrown upon the public themselves. For example, the common earthenware manufacture takes its style of ornament from China, that was brought to this country many years since; and this barbarous style of covering is still continued. A very great improvement has

been lately made in multiplying the copies of designs for transfer to the surface of the ware, by printing off cylinders a continuous sheet; but, such is the constant demand for the old Chinese barbaric ornaments, from the bad taste of the public, that the manufacturers have been compelled to engrave these patterns on the new cylinders, though they have, at the same time, produced much more tasteful designs of their own.

A style of ornament is now fostered to a great extent, and is erroneously termed that of Louis XIV., but which, in fact, is the debased manner of the reign of his successor, in which grotesque varieties are substituted for classic design. It is, in truth, what the French call the style of Louis XV. The best style of Louis XIV. is the Roman and Italian styles made more sumptuous; but, the moment that the grotesque scroll, so common in the reign of Louis XV., was introduced, it interrupted the chasteness of the Roman style.—*From the Evidence of J. B. Papworth, Esq., before the Parliamentary Committee on Arts and Manufactures.*

Broths and soups are difficult of digestion if made a meal of; but have not this effect if eaten in a small quantity. They may be rendered more easily digestible if thickened with any farinaceous substance; bread eaten with every mouthful of soup answers as well.—*Mayo.*

The French chemists have ascertained that soup may be made more delicate by soaking the meat first at a low temperature, and setting aside the weak stock, to which should subsequently be added the strong broth obtained by adding fresh water to the meat, and continuing the boiling.

The pet *potage* of George III., was a rich vermicelli soup, with a few very green chervil leaves in it; and, with his more epicurean successor, it was equally a favourite. It was first served from the kitchen at Windsor.

Fish of different kinds varies in digestibility. The most digestible is whiting, boiled; haddock next; cod, soles, and turbot are richer and heavier; eels, when stewed, notwithstanding their richness, are digestible. Perch is, perhaps, the most digestible river-fish; salmon is not very digestible, unless in a fresher state than that in which much of it reaches the London market.—*Mayo.*

The cupidity of fishermen, the rivalry of epicures, and the fastidiousness of the palate of salmon eaters, have fancifully multiplied the species of the salmon. One of the most celebrated varieties in the annals of epicurism is *Fombre chevalier*, of the Lake of Geneva, identical with the char of England, the Alpine trout, the *rötheli* of Swiss Germany, and the *schouers rents* of Saltzburgh.

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It would be worth the trouble of a journey to Austria to a *gourmet*, to eat the delicious trout there. They are the fish bred in the snow-fed rivulets of the Alps, brought from thence, and prepared for the table in stews, perforated with holes, sunk in some running stream. They are carefully fed; and, when required for the table, make but one leap from the cold water into the saucepan. They are served either fried, or simply boiled, in their own dark blue coats, beautifully spotted with red; and when in good condition, have all the firmness of the white of an egg.

Oysters are recommended by the doctors where great nourishment and easy digestion are required; their valuable quality being the quantity of gluten they contain.

The best English oysters are now found at Purfleet, and the worst at Liverpool. The finest pickled oysters are sent from Milford Haven in Wales. In Paris, is published a brochure, entitled, *Le Manuel de l'Amateur des Huîtres*, in which the British oysters are stated to be the finest.

Snails abound in Italy and Spain more than in the other parts of Europe. In Italy, snails anciently were, and still are, much used for the table. They are regularly sold in the markets, as well as in those of Switzerland, Spain, and France, and are exported in barrels to the Antilles. In the vineyards of France, the peasants collect them, and feed them till winter, when the snails seal themselves up; and in this state they are purchased by the confectioners, who prepare them in the shell with butter and herbs, and forward them to Paris.

The Gatherer.

THE WEATHER EYE.—A COMIC SONG.*

Murphy hath an Almanack,
From which we every day can gather,—
He has such a happy knack,—
What will really be the weather:
He knows how to raise the wind,
Hold the rains, have hail at pleasure,—
Get in the sun when he's a mind,
And blow a cloud whene'er he's leisure.
Murphy hath a weather eye, &c.

Francis Moore is now no more,—
Murphy is his undertaker,
And soon we may the loss deplore
Of every umbrella maker.
As all now know when 't will be wet,
The doctors will look monstrous funny,
For very soon we shall not get
A cough or cold for love or money.

Murphy hath a weather eye, &c.

Murphy is so weather wise,
He'll to a stand bring huckney coaches;
The Jarvey's all will bless his eyes,
And Cads breathe nothing but reproaches.

* Written by W. T. Moncrieff, Esq. Sung by Mr. W. J. Hammond, at the New Strand Theatre. Arranged by M. P. Corri; and published by J. Limbird and Co., 143, Strand.

No General Frost will put to flight
Great Generals now from Rome and Paris,
No army will set out to fight
Till Murphy hath declared it fair is.

Murphy hath a weather eye, &c.

Murphy knows each wind of old,
And, like a lapland witch, can sell it;
And, when it is very cold,
He at his finger-end can tell it;
And tho' he's sometimes at fault,
Yet from this what can we gather?
If it don't rain when it ought,
'T is not his fault, but the weather.

Murphy hath a weather eye, &c.

A flesh and blood barometer;
(His *quicksilver* by us provided;)
The sun our sole gasometer
Will be if we're by Murphy guided,
No corns must now presume to shoot,
Nor eat its left ear dare wash over;
For what will their prognostics boot?
'T is Murphy now must all discover.

Murphy hath a weather eye, &c.

Murphy is an M. N. S.,
Which Member means of No Society;
For, living on the air he is
A Man of Natural Sobriety.
My metre-ology to end,
May we long happy live together,
With Mr. Murphy for our friend,
To tell us all about the weather.
Murphy hath a weather eye, &c.

The Camel's Thorn.—This lowly plant, (observes a modern writer,) affords a beautiful exemplification of the merciful care of Providence. It abounds in the deserts of Arabia, India, Africa, Tartary, and Persia. In most of these wilds it is the only food of the camel: its lasting verdure refreshes the eye of the traveller; and, from the property possessed by its deep searching, tough roots, of collecting the scanty moisture of these arid plains. This is well known to the Arab, who converts it to the essential purposes of aiding in the production of a grateful and healthy nourishment for man. In spring, the stem of the plant is divided near the root; a single seed of the water-melon is then inserted in the fissure, and the earth replaced about the stem of the thorn: the seed, by this means, becomes a parasite, and the nutritive matter which the brittle, succulent roots of the melon are ill adapted to collect, is abundantly supplied by the tougher fibres of the root of the camel's thorn. An abundance of good water-melons is thus periodically forced by the Arab from a soil incapable of other culture. The botanical name of this valuable native of the desert, is *hedysarum alhagi*: its small oval leaves remain but a few days, early in the spring; its beautiful crimson flowers appear later in the season, and are succeeded by the short moniliform pod peculiar to this genus.—W. G. C.

Genius of Scott.—In the mechanism of external incidents, Scott is the greatest model that fiction possesses; and if we select from his works that in which this mechanism is most artistical, we instance not one of his most brilliant and popular, but one in which he combined all the advantages

of his multiform and matured experience in the craft: we mean the "Fair Maid of Perth." By noting well the manner in which, in this tale, the scene is ever varied at the right moment and the exact medium preserved between abruptness and *longueur*; how all the incidents are complicated, so as to appear inextricable, yet the solution obtained by the simplest and shortest process, the reader will learn more of the art of *mechanical* construction, than by all the rules that Aristotle himself, were he living, could lay down.—*Monthly Chronicle*.

It is remarkable that while we of this country have been sinking yearly more and more into natural and mechanical philosophy,—have been numbering and classing (for that is nearly the extent of the science acquired) shells, and plants, and insects, or circulating descriptions of machines, very useful, doubtless, themselves for the weaving of stockings and gown-pieces, but the knowledge of which is not on that account so necessarily useful to the tradesman who sells these things or to the public who wear them,—our continental neighbours the Germans and the French, by no means neglecting to investigate the works of nature, and certainly gaining ground upon us in the processes of manufacture, have thought it also worth their while to study the philosophy of history, the philosophy of the fine arts, and, converting the terms, the history of philosophy itself, of which three great branches of knowledge we scarcely possess even the idea.—*Quarterly Review*.

Shakspeare.—The autograph of "William Shakspeare," in his copy of Montaigne's *Essays*, by Florio. First Edition, in the original binding, 1603, was sold by Mr. Evans, the book-auctioneer, in Pall Mall, on Tuesday the 15th, to Mr. Pickering, for 100*l*. [Our readers will recollect that we abridged Sir Frederick Madden's admirable account of this volume for the *Mirror*, vol. xxx. p. 55.]

Gardens of the Zoological Society.—The number of visitors to this popular place of amusement in 1837 amounted to 173,778, of which there were: Fellows, 20,619; strangers accompanying them, 31,414; holders of ivory tickets, 4,620; strangers accompanying them, 4,160; and persons paying for admission, 112,965. The total sum received from this source was 5,648*l*. 5*s*., being the extraordinary deficit of upwards of 3,100*l*. under the previous year.—The quadrupeds bred in the gardens since the discontinuance of the Farm at Kingston, are the following: Dromedary, Burchell Zebra, and cross-bred Burchell Zebra, nine nylghaus, Exmore pony, and cross-bred Exmore pony, American fallow, common fallow, and native musk deer, four Axis deer, three Sambu deer, two Stanley musk deer, six Brahmin cattle, two small

Zebras, two Bengal goats, seven Ganges goats, two Canada goats, Cape sheep, two Moufflon sheep, two Abyssinian sheep, few Demerara sheep, two bush kangaroos, seven greater kangaroos, two peccaries, three wild boars, one porcupine, five armadillos, three pumas, eight Persian cats, and one half-bred ditto, five Mogadore dogs, eleven Persian greyhounds, six Pyrenean dogs, eighteen Barbary dogs, five Indian dogs, twenty-one Australian dogs, three Scotch terrier dogs, twenty-three wolves, and four cross-bred foms. The birds bred consist of twelve emeus, and of thirty-three varieties of foreign doves, aquatic and other fowl. The above list includes a period of nearly seven years, being from June 1, 1830, to December 31, 1837.—*Times*.

Hindoo Paper.—At Behar the paper most commonly made is that called Duffuri, which is nineteen by seventeen and a half inches a sheet; other kinds of a larger size, and rather superior quality are made, when commissioned. The material is old bags of the *Crotalaria juncea*. These are cut into small pieces, and, having been soaked in water, are beaten with the instrument called a Dhenghi. The pulp is then put on a cloth stainer, washed with water, and dried on a rock. This substance is then put into a cistern with some ley of soda, and is trodden with the feet for some hours, after which it is in the same manner washed and dried, and these operations with the soda are in all performed six times. The bleached pulp is then put into a cistern with a large quantity of water, and is diligently stirred with a stick for about three quarters of an hour, when it is wrought off into sheets as usual. The moist sheets are stuck on a smooth wall and dried. Having been rubbed with a paste made of flour and water, they are then smoothed by placing them on a plank, and rubbing them with a stone.—*From Montgomery Martin's Eastern India*.

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